



Published by The Free Publishing Company
1426 Park Row, New York.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, JAN. 25.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE EVENING WORLD

(including postage)
PER MONTH.....\$6.
PER YEAR.....\$3.50

VOL. 33.....No. 11,481

Entered at the Post-Office at New York, as second-class matter.

HEAD OFFICES:
CHILD'S BLDG., 125TH BROADWAY,
between Second and Third Sts., New York.
CHILD'S BLDG., 125TH BROADWAY,
MANHATTAN,
115 COLUMBIA ST., NEW YORK.
115 DELAWARE, PHILADELPHIA,
125TH BROADWAY, WASHINGTON,
115 DELAWARE, PHILADELPHIA,
125TH BROADWAY, WASHINGTON—614474.

1892. All Records Beaten. 1892

I 39,262,685

WORLDS were printed and circulated in 1892.

This is a gain over 1891 of
23,724,860.

A LOST TREASURE.

Eight years ago, when General Clevland took office as President, there was in the Treasury a surplus so large that it was felt to be a danger to public integrity as well as a great injustice to the business of the country.

It will be remembered that Mr. Clevland called Congress against any further accumulation of a surplus. He insisted that unnecessary taxation was unconstitutional, that the expenditures of the Government ought to be made as economically as possible and the public burdens so much decreased as to limit taxation to the necessities of the Government.

When Mr. Clevland's administration office, a little more than two months from now, he will find taxation heavier than before; expenditures as recklessly made, the large surplus gone and the Treasury bankrupt.

Moreover, the report made in part yesterday in response to the Congressional inquiry as to the exact condition of the Treasury shows that a large number of payments that ought to have been made have been "held up" in order to create the false idea of a balance to the credit of the Government.

Thus in 1892 Mr. Clevland will not only find the Treasury bankrupt and empty, but will discover that the Government has failed to make payments for which the money was provided and which ought to have been paid long ago.

Instead of being buried with a surplus, Uncle Sam's pockets will be found empty, cleared out by the buccaneers who have surrounded him since Harrison's election, and his life will be rendered unbearable by the drumming of chimerical creditors.

What a pleasant result this is of the last four years of Republican rule.

WHAT BECOMES OF THE MONEY?

The streets of New York need to be cleaned when they are dirty. In order that they may be so cleaned, the city appropriates this year the liberal amount of \$1,200,000 for the work.

For a large portion of the year there is very little cleaning to be done. A heavy rainstorm floods the gutter and removes every vestige of dirt. Then follows a blizzard, leaving sea-tossed, the roads are dried, and in a few hours the work of ten thousand sweepers goes down by nature better than the men could do it with their brooms; even if it was not a patriotic amusement.

The appropriation amounts per month to \$300,000, or, exclusive of Sunday, a little over \$7,000 a day. Frequently, for a month at a time, there fails to be done what can not be done by nature better than the men could do it with their brooms; even if it was not a patriotic amusement.

How easily the zero mark is forgotten in the presence of sunshine like this morning's!

Now York's trotting interests will brighten materially, now that Fleetwood Park is admitted to the Grand Circuit.

Street-Cleaning Commissioner Bremen will cut a large figure as Mr. Clevland's substitute in the inauguration parade. He isn't cutting much of a one as a cleaner of New York's thoroughfares just now.

Supt. Braxton's order for a general move on the street beggars is well-timed. The mendicants have ceased to be supplicants. Instead of crying for alms, which was bad enough, they are demanding booty, which is intolerable.

The Rapid Transit Commissioners want a more explicit declaration from the "I" road people as to what they will do if their privileges are extended as they ask. Very naturally the people share the Commissioners' anxiety for further particularities.

No Whiskey Trust investigation, no Panama investigation, no Silver Purchase repeat, so far as present House arrangements and prospects go. The process of doing nothing continues with beautiful persistency and consistency at the National Capitol.

Does the House Committee on Rules, at Washington, really believe that it isn't necessary for the Fifty-second Congress to attend to pressing public business as an excuse for its further occupancy of quarters in the Capitol?

It is declared that the Anarchists are ready to strike in France and that they have sent emissaries to the United States to solicit substantial aid and comfort. That they get as little as the law allows should be the care of the authorities at every American centre of social unrest.

Foster Jacques announces that he has gained 14 inches in height during his fifty days' abstinence from food. Those men of diminutive stature, who are

always longing for an extra inch or two, will leap at the suggestiveness of this declaration. But their hearts will sink when they follow the faster's words further. He always gains this extra height, he says, in tasting, but loses it when he begins to eat again. Is it beyond the hope and ability of medical science to secure another fraticle than complete starvation for that acquired inch and a quarter?

COULD BE BETTER.

CASSEL, BAXAND, JAMONT. Is there any objection to these names as Cabinet advisers of Mr. Cleveland in his new administration? Do they not have the ring of true Democratic metal? Are they not a guarantee that Mr. Cleveland's second term will the White House will be popular with the great party that nominated him and with the people who elected him?

CANDIDATE for the Treasury. Could any statesman in the land be chosen who would more completely satisfy the public judgment? Beyond the State Department, he has already been tried, and certainly none could be selected to whose hands the honor, dignity and impressiveness of the country could be more safely intrusted.

LAWYER for War. Perhaps public sentiment has put the wiry, able and active secretary of the former term in a different department. But wherever he may be placed, Mr. Lawton's ability, energy and devotion will be certain to be of value to the Department and to the country. The air of the pinewood cabinet is evidently favorable to Cabinet-making.

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"BOABIL."

Mr. Hammerstein's season of grand opera in English was begun last night at the Manhattan Opera House, when "Boabib," described as a "romantic" piece, by Moritz Moszkowski, was produced for the first time in America. It will never celebrate a twentieth performance, however, for the ineffably tedious, monotonous, dreary, and absolute devoid of what the popular mind regards as music. In the three hours devoted to its interpretation there was scarcely a wisp of accomplished melody. It was all dull, sleepy and technical. A stupid chorus stood upon the stage most of the time, and watched the prima donna, who was dressed in a white, lace-trimmed, semi-transparent gown, sing some interesting phrases, and well, yes, some time. It is a dreadful thing, this harkering after, but there is an impression everywhere that an opera to be successful must have at least one popular musical episode.

A very emaciated damsel escaped a serpentine dance in the second act. It was really funny. The lady had a hungry look in her eyes, and she seemed to be very unhappy. She wore a dress modified after that introduced by La Fuller. After twirling this role around for a few minutes to the accompaniment of colored light, the lady walked placidly away, still hungry, and the audience muffed. What this serpentine dance means nobody knows, nobody ever will know. It was sweetmeat, however, as a relish from the horrible opera. A comic song by Mr. Hammerstein might have been at least one popular musical episode.

"Boabib," I believe, was sung in English, but it might have been French, Italian, German or Chinese for all the audience knew. Nobody understood what the negotiating characters were saying, and it really didn't matter. The plot of grand opera is frequently of no importance at all, and "Boabib" was one of these plots. The time of the opera is 1892—which, I must say, is very uncomimentary to La Fuller's serpentine dance. "Boabib," the King of Spain, loved Zonia, the daughter of the Count of Cabra. The two sing the same moment that the British Minister of Finance is about to leave, and the scene ends with the British Minister of Finance, after a conference with "Boabib."

"What do you want?" asked the President, and the British minister said, "We are to have a conference." "Boabib" answered the boy with respect, but without giving evidence of confusion.

"For myself and company?" "No."

"But my boy, there is no recruiting going on now."

"We are not recruited for the army, but we are for the navy, and we are recruited to work on coffee plantations."

"Is that what the boy tells me?" asked "Boabib."

"Yes, and I am told that he is a good boy."

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